

FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS



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# MODERN

JANUARY

No. 45

COMICS

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**

tangles with  
**SAKYO,**  
The Madman!

BLACKHAWK



NARESTAR





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# "CURIOSITY KILLED A CAT"

— BUT IT ANSWERED  
A QUESTION FOR  
JIM AND JANE

SEE YOU GOT  
YOUR NEW BIKE  
JIM. BOY IT'S  
A BEAUTY!

SURE IS!  
AND IT'S GOT  
A MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE  
— THE BEST  
MADE!

YOU  
KNOW  
IT!

JIM, WHY DO ALL  
THE BOYS AND GIRLS  
SAY A MORROW'S THE  
BEST COASTER  
BRAKE MADE?

SEARCH ME. JUST  
IS. EVERYBODY  
KNOWS THAT.  
BUT LET'S ASK DAD  
— HE'LL KNOW!

MORROW — WHY THAT'S  
THE COASTER BRAKE  
I HAD ON MY BIKE. YOU  
BET IT'S THE BEST, AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU WHY —

HERE'S MY OLD BIKE —  
USED TO RIDE OVER TO SEE  
YOUR MOTHER ON IT. THE  
BIKE'S ABOUT THROUGH,  
BUT THAT MORROW  
BRAKE IS AS GOOD  
AS NEW!

NOW LOOK AT THIS MORROW  
ON YOUR BIKE, JANE. FIRST  
THING, IT'S THE ONLY COASTER  
BRAKE MADE IN AMERICA  
THAT HAS 31 BALL BEARINGS

OH I GET IT! THAT'S WHERE  
MORROW GETS "SPEED-WHEELING"  
COASTING

RIGHT, JIM, AND  
MORROW COASTER BRAKES  
ARE MADE BY A FAMOUS  
MAKER OF AUTOMOBILE  
BRAKES — SO THEY  
REALLY KNOW HOW

NOW WATCH THIS — SEE HOW JUST A  
TOUCH OF MY HAND STOPPED THAT  
WHIRLING WHEEL QUICK. THAT'S THE  
QUICK, SAFE STOPPING ACTION EVERY  
BIKE BRAKE SHOULD HAVE

GEE, LOOK AT  
DAD WHIZZ ALONG  
— AND HE CAN  
STOP ON A DIME

YOU'D THINK  
HE OWNED  
A BRAND  
NEW BIKE

A MORROW  
COASTER BRAKE  
KEEPS MY BIKE  
RIDING LIKE NEW!

## THE MORROW COASTER BRAKE

Today smart boys and girls are the buyers of MORROW.  
They know every Morrow Coaster Brake is a product of  
Bendix Creative Engineering, ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION,

**Bendix** AVIATION CORPORATION, ELMIRA, N. Y.

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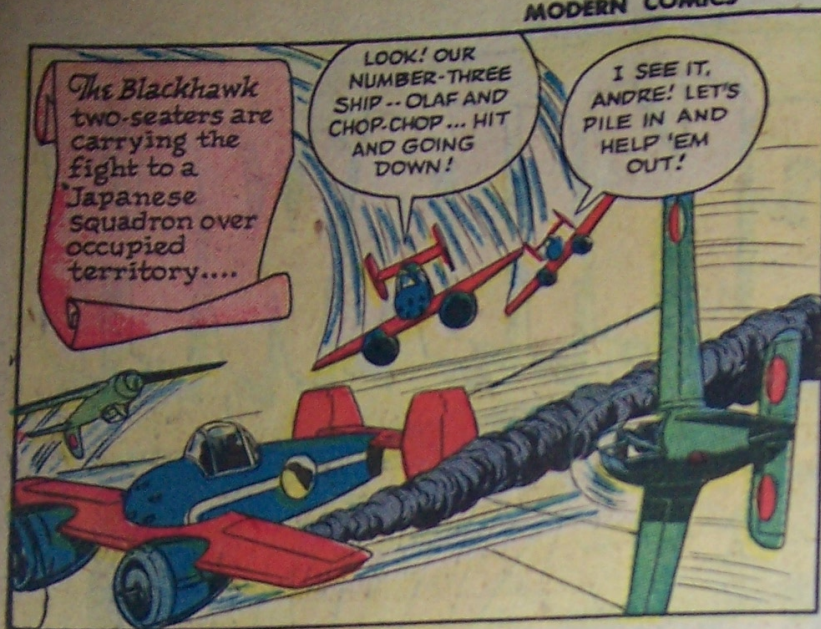


# BLACKHAWK



*The BLACKHAWKS seek the full measure of vengeance on the devil-tyrants of the world and find themselves in the clutches of the menace of MAYAKAWA!*





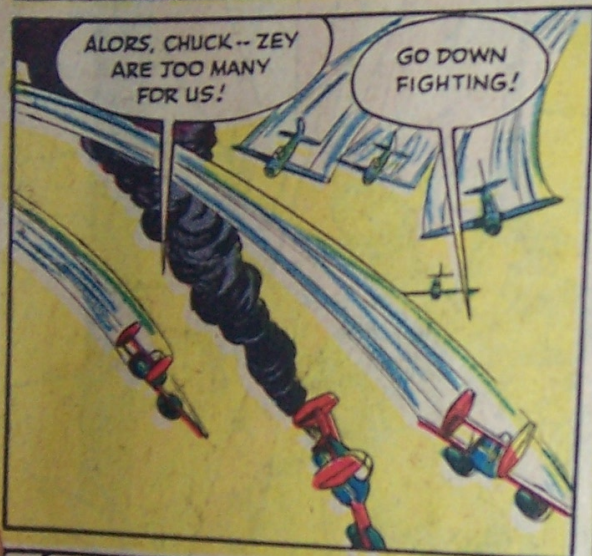
The Blackhawk two-seaters are carrying the fight to a Japanese Squadron over occupied territory....

LOOK! OUR NUMBER-THREE SHIP -- OLAF AND CHOP-CHOP... HIT AND GOING DOWN!

I SEE IT, ANDRE! LET'S PILE IN AND HELP 'EM OUT!



TO ALL PLANES! -- BLACK-HAWK CRAFTS CONCENTRATE TO SAVE COMRADE -- ALL ATTACK THEM!



ALORS, CHUCK -- ZEY ARE TOO MANY FOR US!

GO DOWN FIGHTING!



BETTER YOU TAKE IT ON LAM, CHOP-CHOP -- AY BAN WOUNDED!

IS TOO LATE, OLAF! JAPANESE GROUND FORCES CAPTURE US!



OKAY DOWN THERE, ANDRE?

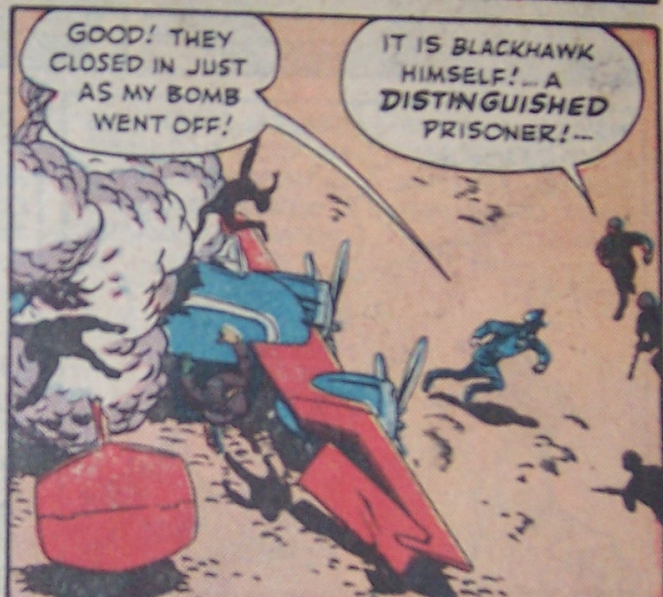
SO FAR -- BUT YES! HOWEVER, REGARD ZE ENEMY SWARMING TO US!



YOU ARE GROUNDED --- OUTNUMBERED -- UNARMED! USELESS TO RESIST CAPTURE!

WE WON'T ARGUE THE POINT -- FOR THE PRESENT!









BLACKHAWK!  
THEY CAUGHT  
UP WITH YOU!

CHUCK!  
I CAUGHT UP  
WITH THEM!



WE ALWAYS STICK  
TOGETHER, DON'T WE?  
WHEN I SAW YOU WERE  
CAPTURED, I HURRIED  
TO JOIN YOU!

MARCH,  
PRISONERS!  
COMMANDER  
WISHES TO  
INTERVIEW  
YOU!



AH, CAPTURED  
BLACKHAWKS!  
DO YOU NOT  
TREMBLE TO  
SEE ME?

WE DON'T  
TREMBLE  
FOR ANY  
ONE!



INSULTS! I AM THE  
GREAT GENERAL  
SAKYO--PERSONAL  
FRIEND OF JAPANESE  
MIKADO---

GENERAL SAKYO!--THE  
MIKADO'S MAD MAN!  
... THEN WE'RE IN  
LUCK, AFTER ALL!  
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING  
FOR YOU!



LOCK THEM UP IN DEEPEST  
CELLS OF **FORTRESS  
MAYAKAWA!** I WILL  
CONSIDER THEIR  
PUNISHMENT FOR  
SUCH INSOLENCE!

TOO BAD WE HAD  
TO END OUR SEARCH  
WITH THE ODDS  
AGAINST US!



SO THIS IS  
**FORTRESS  
MAYAKAWA!**  
" JAPANESE  
HEADQUARTERS  
FOR ALL THIS  
REGION!

WE STORE  
MANY THINGS  
HERE ---  
INCLUDING  
**YOU,  
BLACKHAWKS!**



INSIDE WITH  
YOU! YOU DON'T  
GET OUT OF  
THIS CELL!

DON'T BET MORE  
THAN A MONTH'S  
PAY ON THAT!

















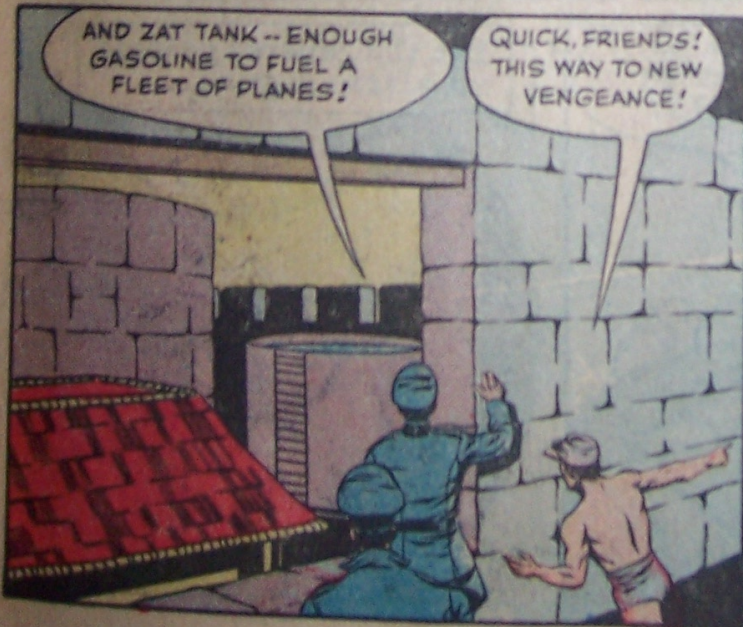
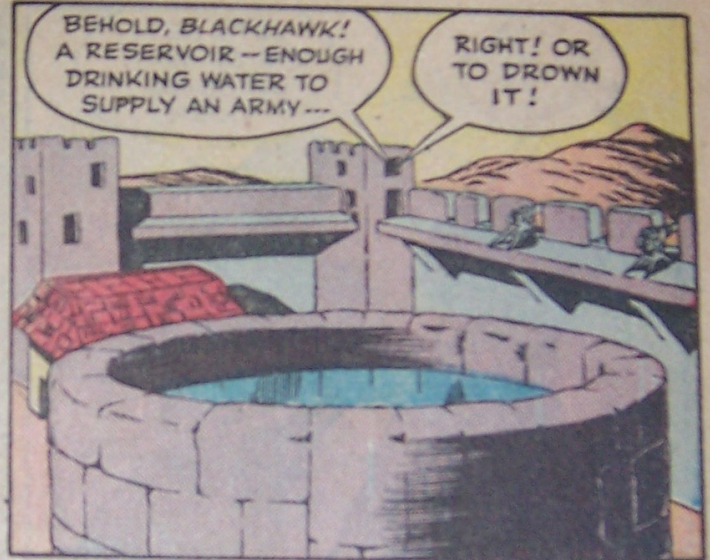
WHAT'S THE **PASSWORD?** SPEAK UP!



NO, I WON'T TORTURE YOU-- WON'T EVEN QUESTION YOU FURTHER!













Throughout the fortress  
rings a warning....

GENERAL SIGNALS  
FOR HELP! QUICK--  
TO HIS QUARTERS!



EN ROUTE,  
BLACKHAWK!  
ZE SOLDIERS  
COME ZIS  
WAY!

THEN I'LL KEEP  
THIS SPECIMEN  
ALIVE -- AS A  
HOSTAGE!



GO ON AND FIRE! ANY  
BULLETS THAT HIT ME MUST  
PASS THROUGH YOUR  
**GREAT** GENERAL,  
SAKYO!

WAIT!....  
HOLD  
FIRE!



HOLD THAT,  
TOO!



WHERE  
DOES THIS  
LEAD?

TO THE HIGHEST  
TOWER! THE OTHERS  
HAVE ALREADY  
GONE UP!

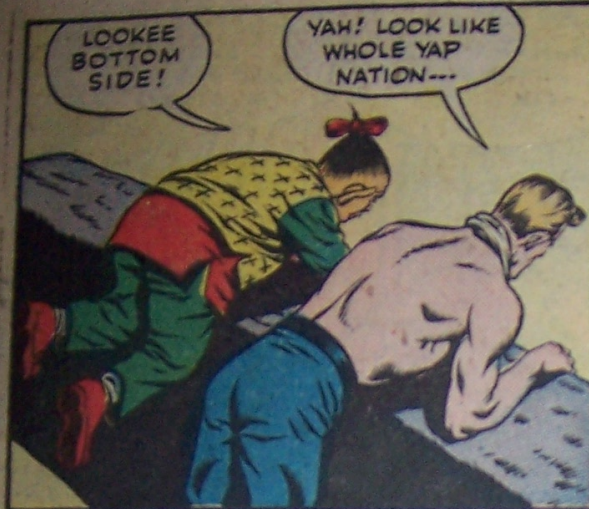


WILL THEY  
TRY TO FORCE  
THE TRAPDOOR?

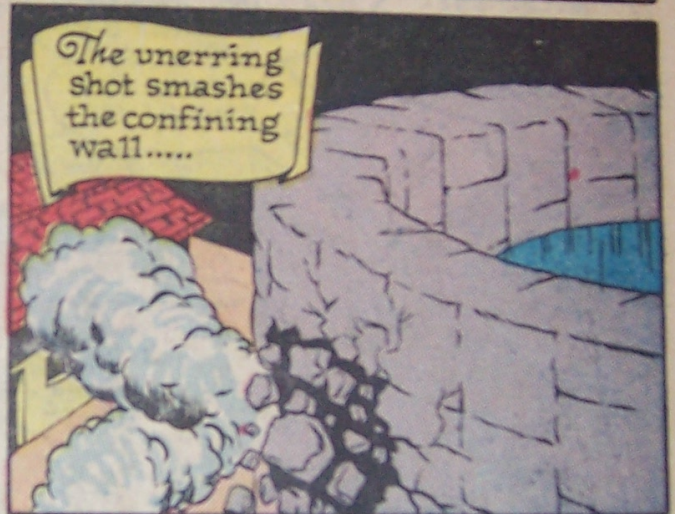
NO!... THEY'RE  
AFRAID WE'LL KILL  
THEIR GENERAL!













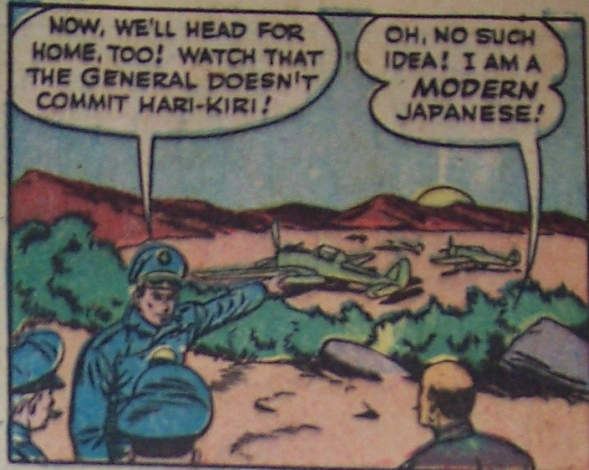






YOU ARE FREE! REJOIN  
YOUR PEOPLE -- HELP THEM  
GAIN FINAL  
VICTORY!

A THOUSAND  
THANKS,  
BLACKHAWK!



NOW, WE'LL HEAD FOR  
HOME, TOO! WATCH THAT  
THE GENERAL DOESN'T  
COMMIT HARI-KIRI!

OH, NO SUCH  
IDEA! I AM A  
MODERN  
JAPANESE!



A FEW YEARS FROM NOW, YOU  
FOOLISH DEMOCRACIES WILL  
**FORGET** ABOUT DEFENSE!  
WE CAN ORGANIZE--ARM--  
FIGHT YOU **AGAIN**---



As the freed  
slaves depart...

I HAVE ONE  
MORE DEBT  
TO PAY!



HE BAN  
DEAD--WHAT  
WE DO?

LEAVE HIM  
WHERE HE  
FELL!... A SUITABLE  
FINISH TO THE  
MENACE OF  
MAYAKAWA!



Later...

IT'S NOT AS WELL  
FORTIFIED AS MAYAKAWA!  
...BUT THERE'S NO  
PLACE LIKE HOME!



ONLY THE  
BEST FOR THE  
WOUNDED!

THE VERY BEST! ... I  
COOKED IT MYSELF!  
... EGGS FOO YUNG  
AND TEA!

YIPPEE!



# CHOO CHOO

BOOOO!



OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

UNGH!

BANG!

OHH!

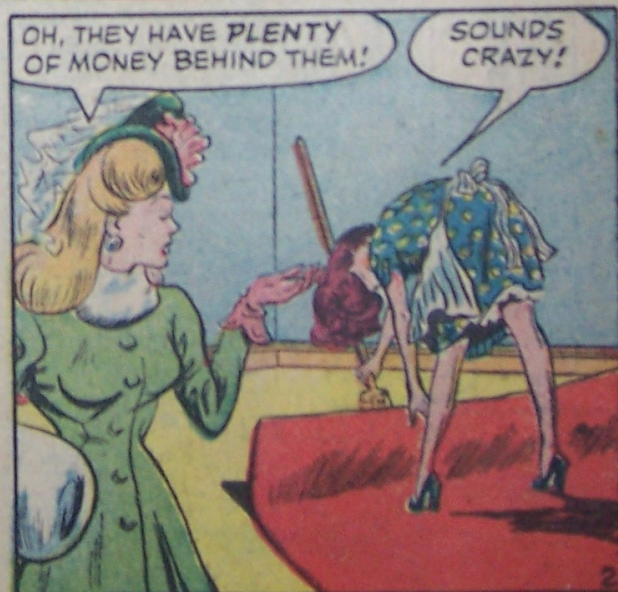
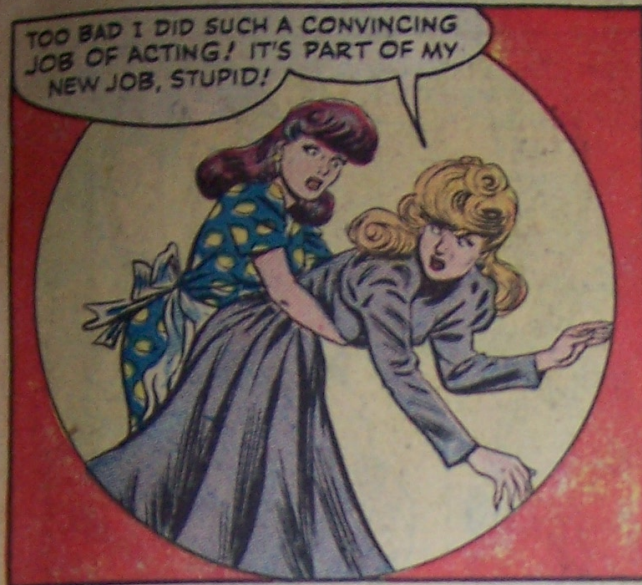
CHOO CHOO!  
WHAT'S THE BIG  
IDEA? YOU  
SCARED ME  
HALF TO  
DEATH!

TOO BAD  
JOB OF  
NEW J

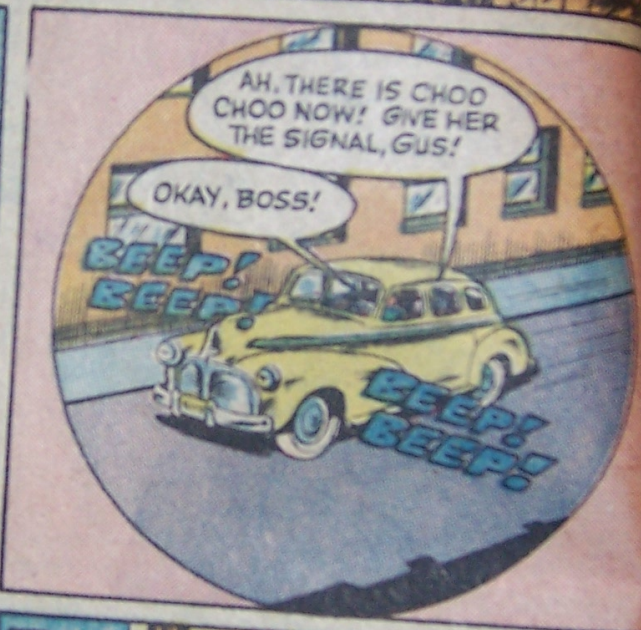
I'M  
AN E  
COU  
VERY  
DRA  
S

ISN'T IT  
CHERRY  
DOESN  
CENT!  
THEY

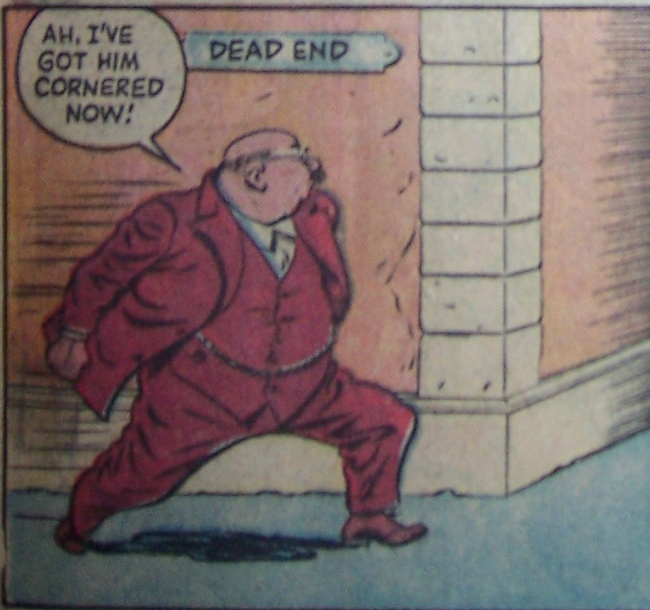




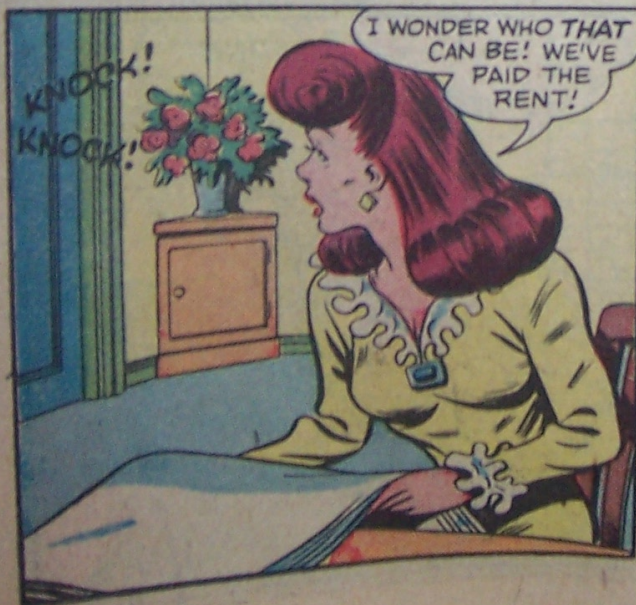


















Next Day---

CHOO CHOO  
IS A WHIZ!  
A NATURAL  
---DOPE!

YEAH,  
BOSS!



THIS WILL BE OUR  
BIGGEST JOB!  
THEN WE'LL GO ON  
A VACATION!

I HOPE IT'S  
A LONG ONE  
BOSS!



THERE'S THE CAR  
NOW! OH BOY, I'D  
BETTER NOT MISS  
THIS TIME!



THIS IS  
MY BIG  
MOMENT!

YEEHAW!  
HELP!  
POLICE!



BOY, THIS  
IS A  
CINCH!



UNH! HEY,  
THAT'S NOT  
IN THE  
SCRIPT!

IT'S IN  
MINE!







SHE BUNGLED THE WORKS!  
GET GOING!



COPS!

SHE DOUBLE-CROSSED US!



OH, CHOO CHOO,  
YOU WERE  
SUPERB!

THERE'S A NEAT  
REWARD FOR  
THESE MUGS!

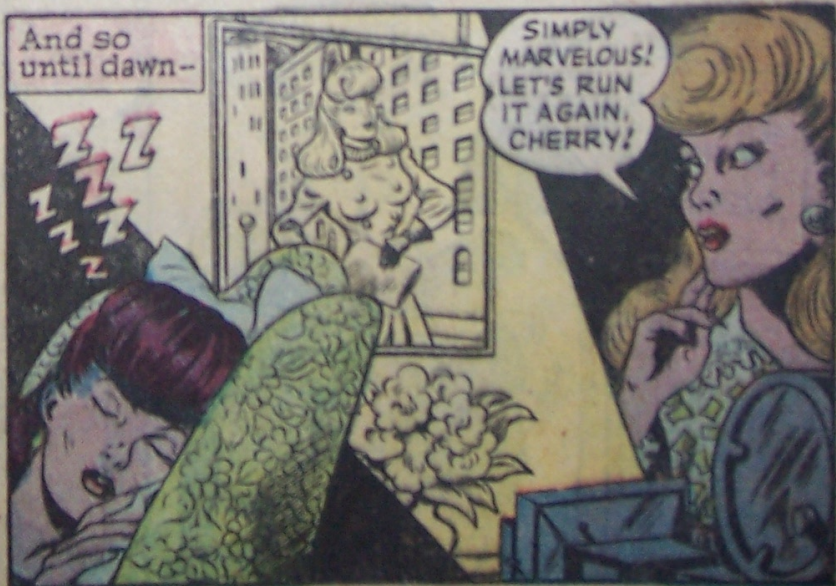


MY GREATEST BIT OF WORK, GONE FOREVER!

BUT, CHOO CHOO, IT ISN'T!  
AFTER WE TIPPED OFF THE  
COPS, THEY PLANTED A  
CAMERAMAN IN THAT  
TRUCK!



AND HE GOT  
THE WHOLE  
THING FOR  
EVIDENCE!



And so  
until dawn--

SIMPLY  
MARVELOUS!  
LET'S RUN  
IT AGAIN,  
CHERRY!



# DEATH PATROL

NOTICE TO VISITORS  
ENTERING **GEYSER'S  
GULCH...**  
SORRY, BUT THE GEYSER  
IS NO LONGER ACTIVE.  
*Signed - The SHERIFF*

THAT'S WHY I'M  
HERE! AH! I'M  
A GEYSER FIXER!



by AL STAHL

You've all heard the tale of the **PIED  
PIPER**, but this is the story of  
only a piper -- or one who uses  
PIPES for **GEYSER REJUVENATION!**



AH... HE'S  
MY MAN!



HOWDY, SHERIFF!  
HOW'S THE **TOURIST  
BUSINESS?** TERRIBLE,  
I HOPE!

ER...  
HUH?

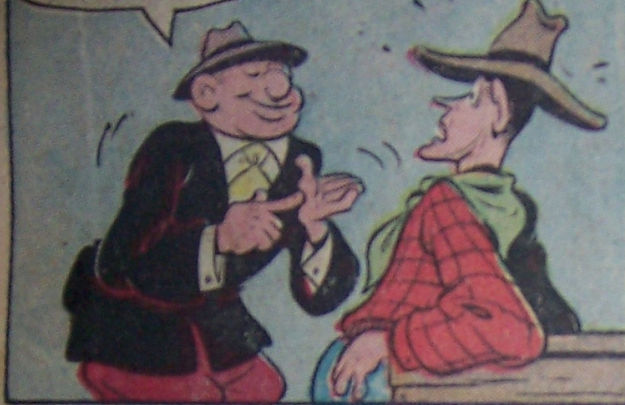


YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND TO ME, SHERIFF! SINCE OLD MOTHER NATURE TURNED OFF YOUR GEYSER, TOURISTS NO LONGER VISIT YOUR TOWN! RIGHT?

ER... YES... GOSH... THINGS ARE REALLY WASHED UP!

PRECISELY!... NOW, MAY I SUGGEST THAT WE PIPE IN AN ARTIFICIAL GEYSER AS A BUSINESS PROMOTION?

NATURALLY, I SHALL WANT AN ADVANCE AND A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFITS! AHEM!



ER... THAT'S A PURTY GOOD IDEA, PARTNER! I THINK WE CAN GET TOGETHER ON A FAIR DEAL! HERE SHE BE!



YOU JUST TAKE IT EASY AND DUST OFF THE SOUVENIRS!

RIGHTO!



A short while later...

HEY, SHERIFF! ONE NEW GEYSER COMING UP!

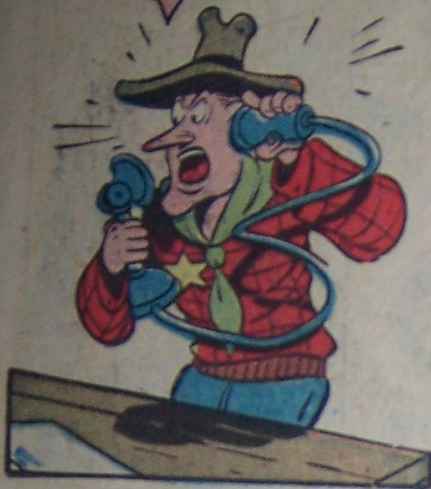
¿GULP? B-BUT... IT WASN'T... ¿GULP?... UNDER THE BANK BEFORE!



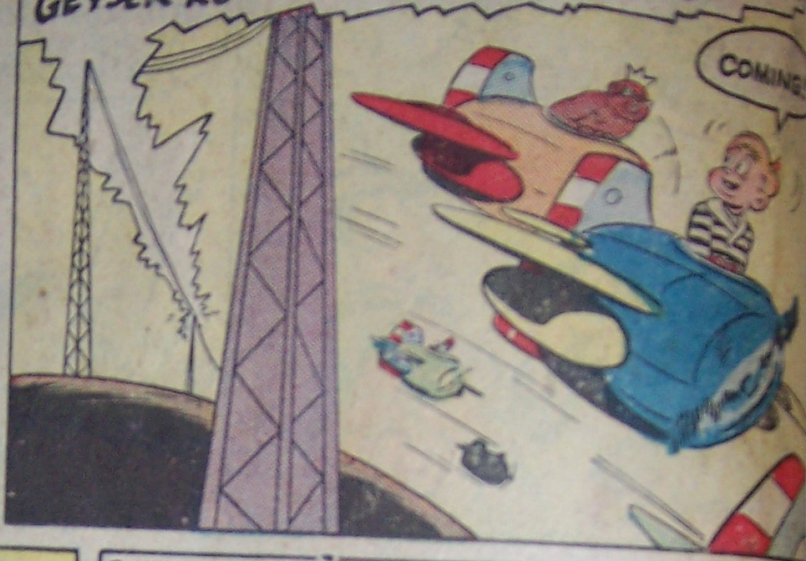
SLIGHT ERROR! SORRY! I DECIDED TO TAKE MY ADVANCE IN ADVANCE!



SUMMON DEATH PATROL!  
I'VE BEEN TRICKED BY  
A WISE GEYSER!



**HELP!** DEATH PATROL!  
GEYSER RUNS WILD IN GEYSER'S GULCH!



HMMM! LOOKS LIKE  
WE HAVE TO FIGHT  
MOTHER NATURE  
HERSELF!

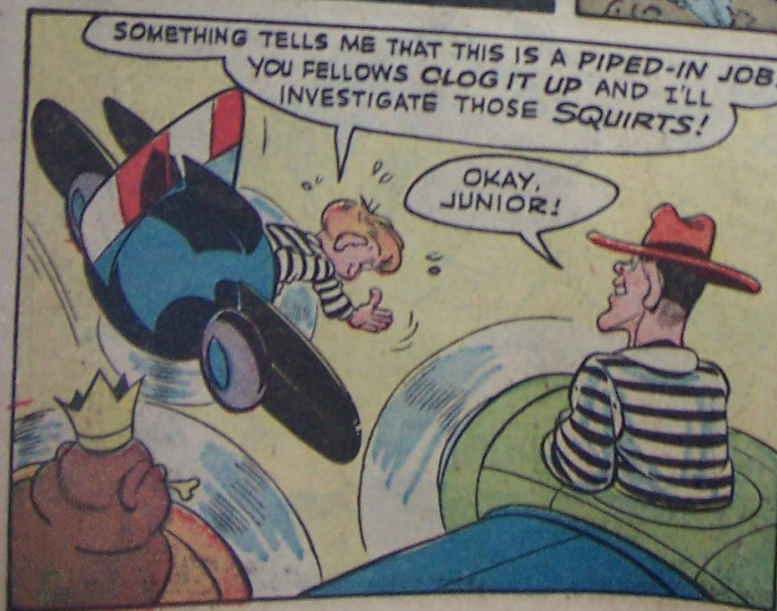


I WOULDN'T BE  
TOO SURE ABOUT  
THAT, FELLOWS!  
YOU SEE THOSE  
SQUIRTS OF  
WATER LEADING  
TO THE  
GEYSER.....  
HMMM!

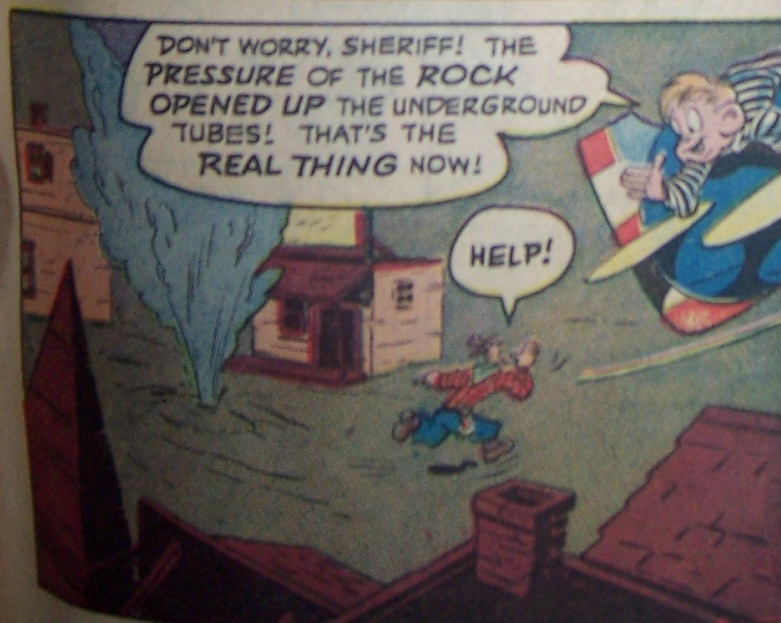
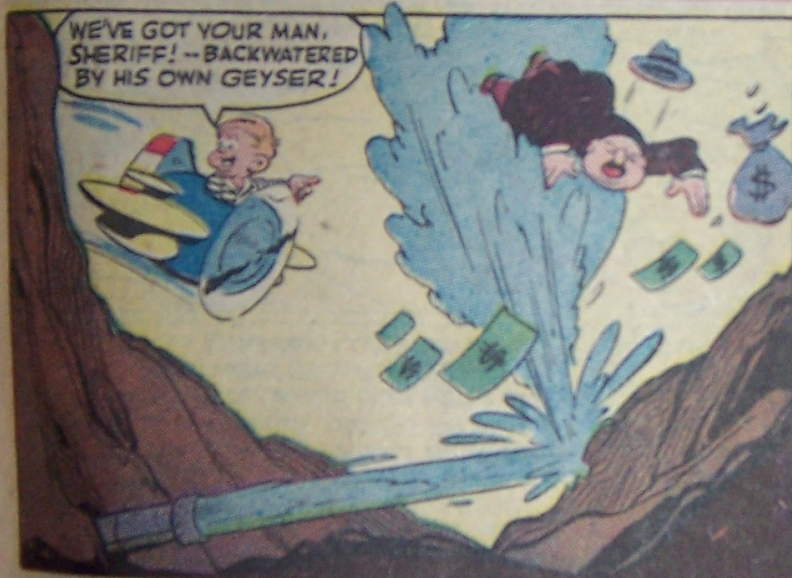


SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT THIS IS A PIPED-IN JOB!  
YOU FELLOWS CLOG IT UP AND I'LL  
INVESTIGATE THOSE SQUIRTS!

OKAY,  
JUNIOR!









## JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

YOU SAY  
YOU WENT  
TO  
HARVARD?

HONOR  
GRADUATE!  
ALSO HOLD  
DEGREES  
FROM YALE,  
PRINCETON  
AND  
OXFORD!

BUT THAT  
AMERICA! NEVER  
COULD I STAND  
TO LIVE THERE!

THOSE CROWDED STREETS  
AND SUBWAYS--AND  
EVERYBODY IN SUCH  
A HURRY-- TOO, TOO  
UNCOMFORTABLE!



AND THOSE LAUNDRIES!...  
ALWAYS DID THEY SEND MY  
SHIRTS BACK WITH TOO  
MUCH STARCH... VERY  
UNCOMFORTABLE!

AND SOMETIMES I  
HAVE TO WEAR DRESS  
SUIT AND HIGH WING  
COLLAR THAT CUT MY NECK--  
OH, WHAT UNCOMFORTABLE  
CUSTOM!

ALSO I HAVE TO WEAR SHOES  
THAT PINCH! PFAH! HOW CAN  
I BE SAGE AND SOLVE  
MYSTERY OF THE AGES  
WIZ MY FEET FULL OF  
BUNIONS AN' WATER  
BUSTERS!



MERE THOUGHT OF THAT  
UNCOMFORTABLE AMERICA  
MAKE ME GROAN! ONCE  
I TAKE SHOWER AND  
WATER TOO COLD--  
OH, WHAT PAIN!

COULDN'T YOU  
O' TOOK A  
WARM  
SHOWER?

YES! AND WHAT HAPPENS? FIRST I  
GET GOOSER PIMPLES FROM TOO COLD--  
DEN I BURN RED FROM TOO HOT!  
AMERICA NO PLACE  
FOR TENDER SKINS  
AND SENSITIVE  
SOULS LIKE  
MINE!



GLAD TO BE  
BACK HOME  
HERE, EH?

YES!  
AT  
LAST---

--I CAN RELAX  
IN COMFORT!

S'LONG,  
MR. GUNGA!

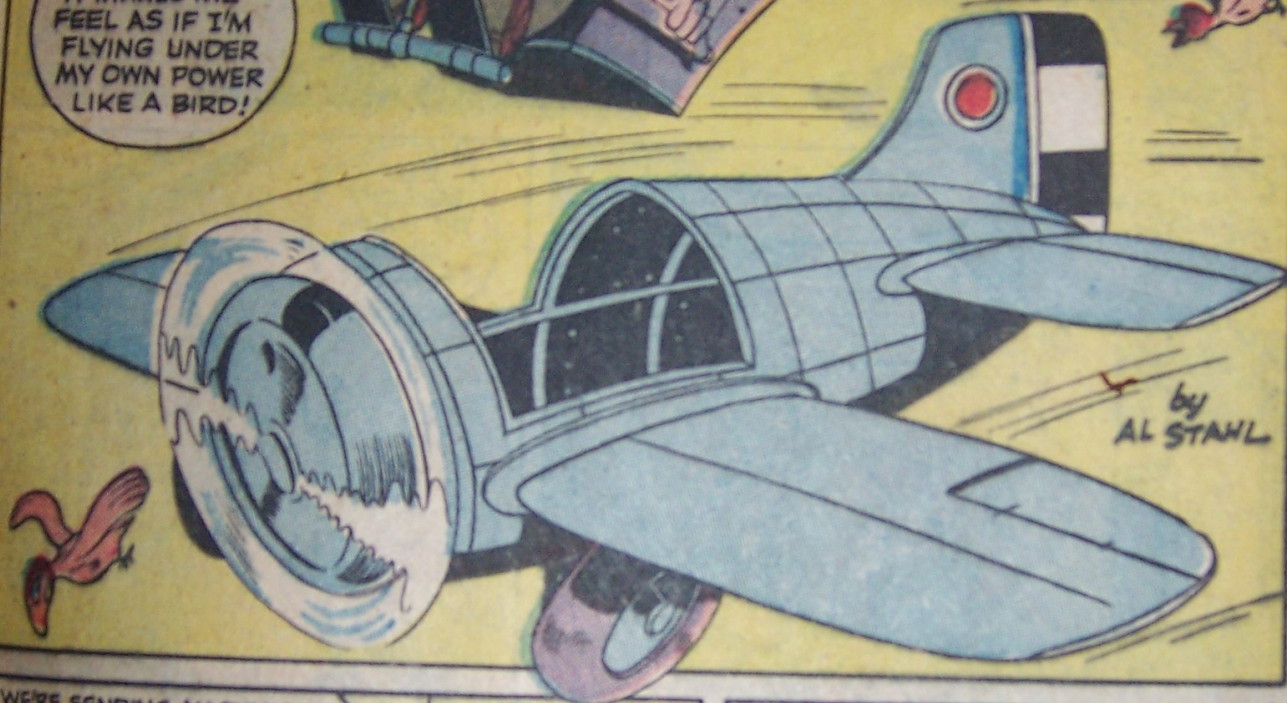




# Private DOG TAG

WHAT A PLANE!  
IT MAKES ME  
FEEL AS IF I'M  
FLYING UNDER  
MY OWN POWER  
LIKE A BIRD!

THIS  
SHOULDN'T  
BE!



WE'RE SENDING AN EXHIBIT  
OF ARMY EQUIPMENT TO THE  
MODERN SCIENCE SHOW!  
PUT ONE SOLDIER ON  
GUARD DUTY THERE!

YES,  
SIR!

AT LAST -- A WAY TO GET THAT PEST  
DOG TAG OUT OF MY WAY FOR A  
COUPLE OF WEEKS! AND HE  
WON'T BE ABLE TO GET  
INTO TROUBLE!...

DOG TAG!





BLAH...BLAH...BLAH! AND WHAT'S MORE, DON'T FORGET YOU'LL BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARMY'S PROPERTY! GUARD IT WITH YOUR LIFE!

SURE, SARGE!



NOTHING LIKE MAKING A NUMBSKULL THINK HIS JOB'S IMPORTANT! -- IF YOU WANNA MAKE SURE HE'LL DO IT!



TODAY... THE MODERN SCIENCE SHOW

YIPPEE! I'M A COMMANDO!

OH, JUNIOR! YOU THINK OF THE CUTEST THINGS!



I'LL WIPE OUT THE ENEMY SINGLE-HANDED!



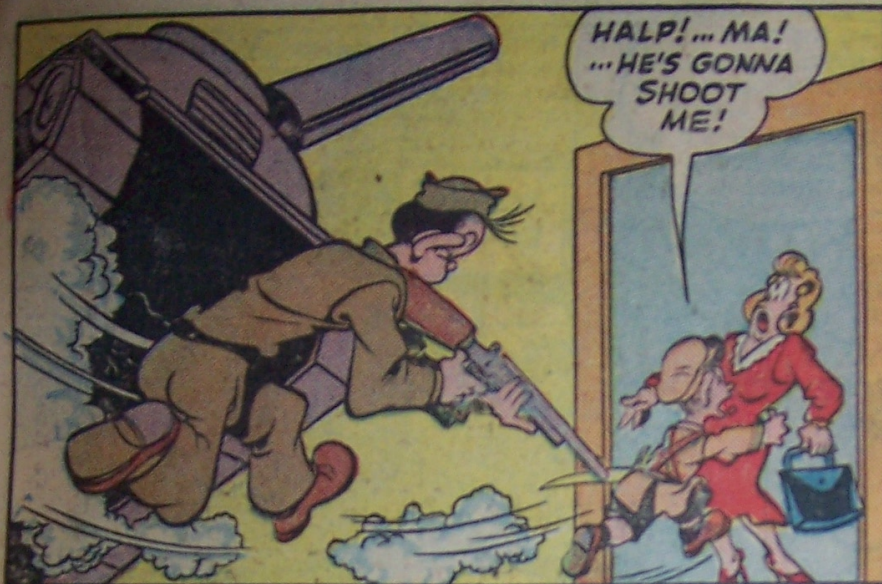
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

WATCH ME DEMOLISH THIS BIG GUN!

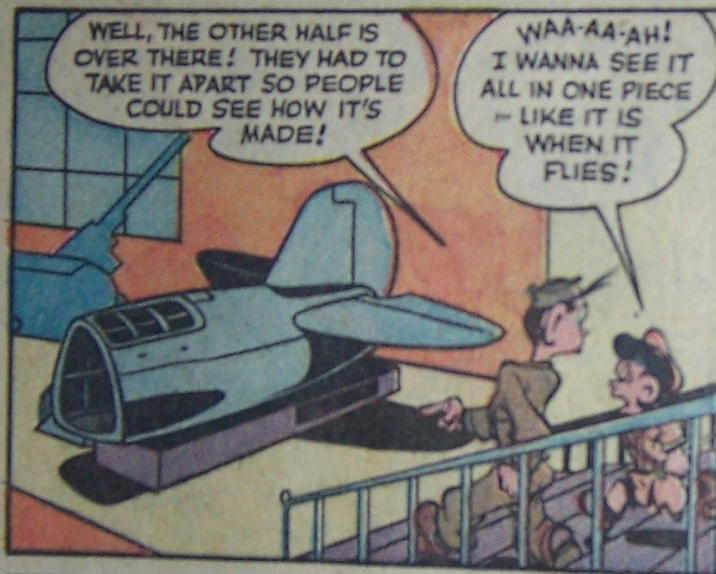
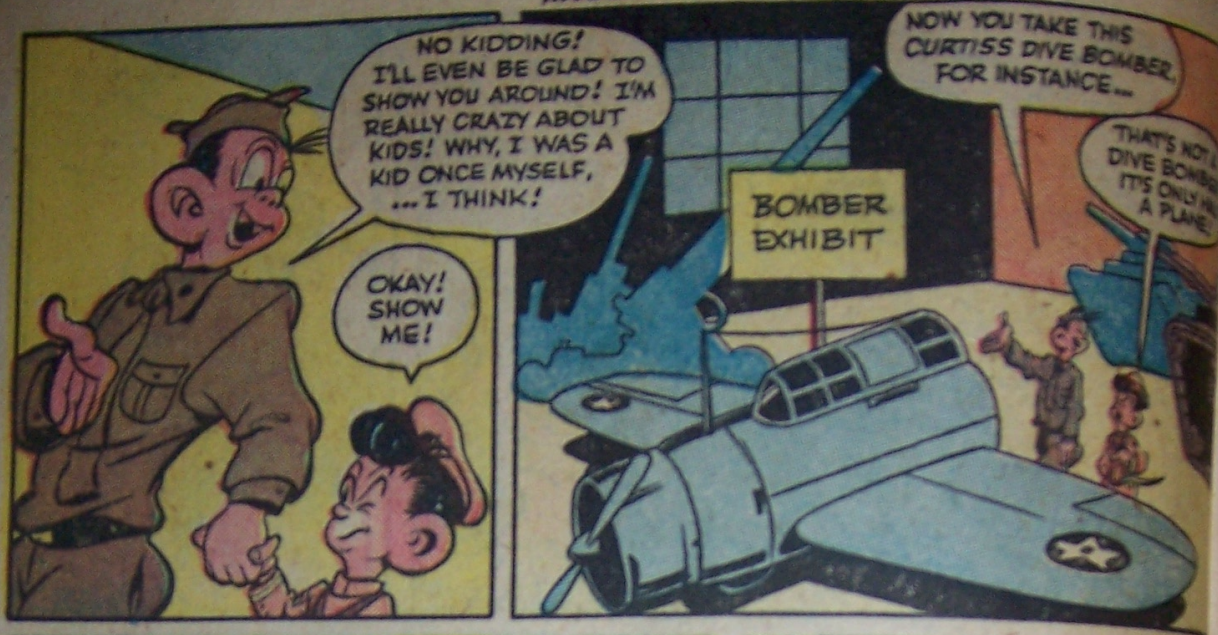
GONNA FIRE AT ARMY PROPERTY, HUH? I'LL SHOW YOU!











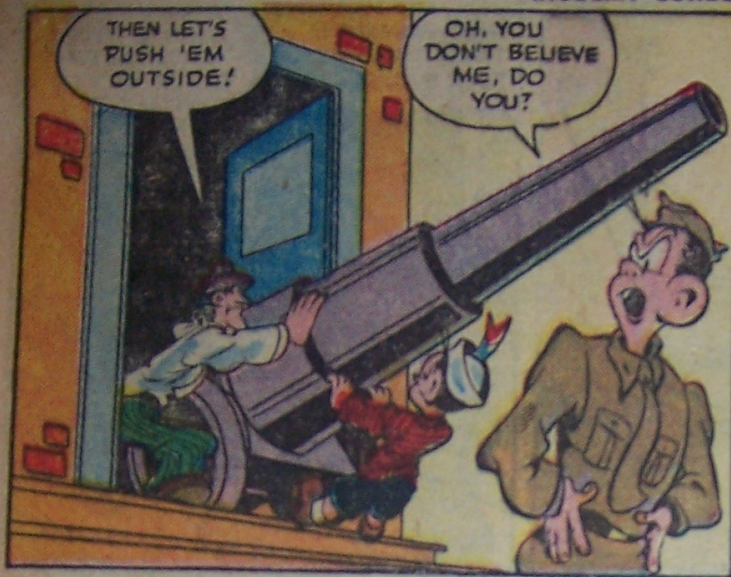




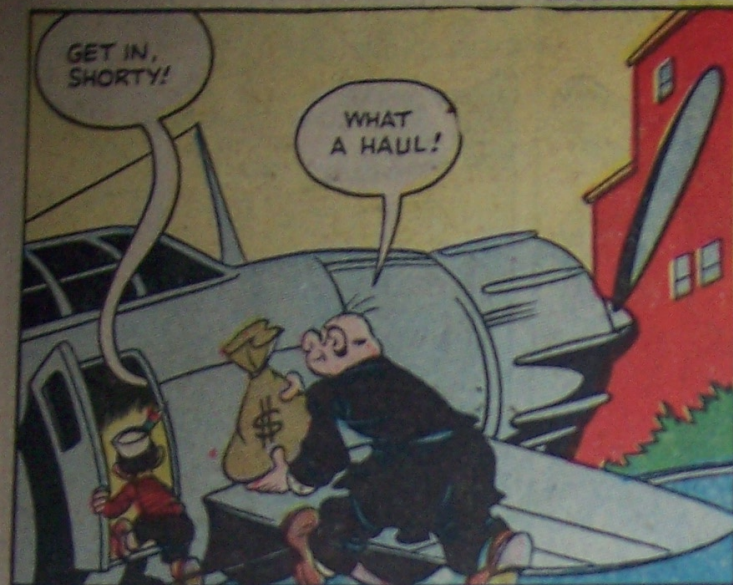




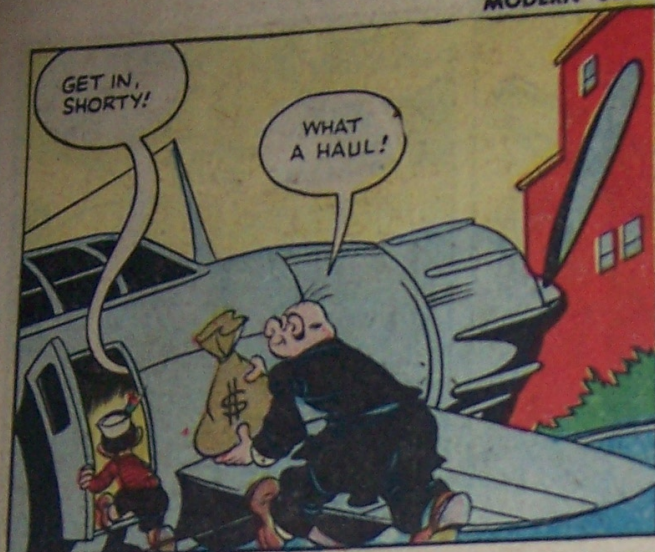




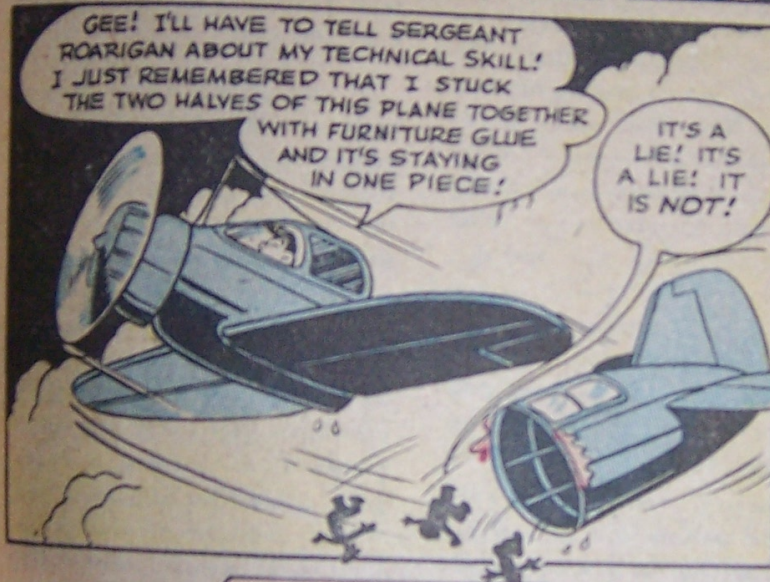
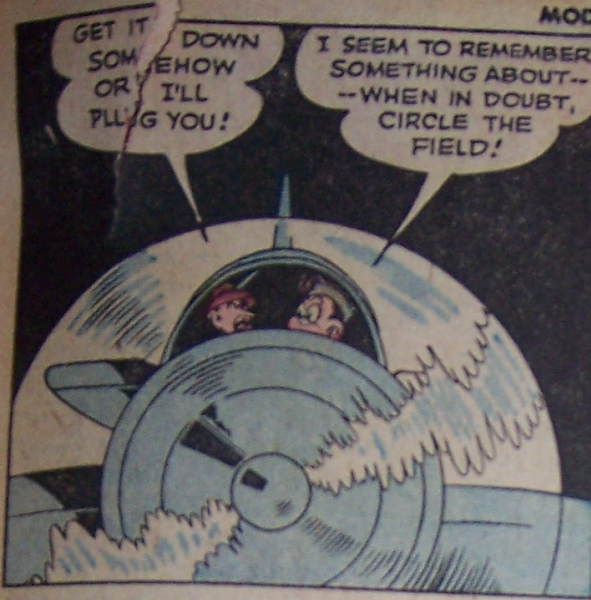














# NORTHERN FATE

WITH the wind howling a gale, it was a tough shot, but Skagway Pete Bristow drew a bead on the target. The target was moving fast, trudging along behind a speeding dog sled, the runners of which threw up a cloud of snow mist.

Skagway sighted over the cold barrel of his high powered rifle and pressed the trigger. There was a sharp spang. The rifle jumped in his hands. He looked hard at the target. The latter let loose of the sled handles, fell behind a few paces, and then tottered to the snow in a heap.

Skagway called to his dogs, hidden in a clump of caribou bush. In a moment he was headed toward the dark speck on the snow.

Skagway yelled curses at his panting dogs, and lashed at them with his whip. They yelped angrily. Skagway was hated by his dogs, just as he was by most of the people who knew him. Belligerent, mean, Skagway was known from one end of the north country to another as a man not to be trusted in any deal.

He had been chased out of several regions for his vile temper and downright meanness. There were several crimes, without solution, which were privately laid at Skagway's doorstep. But there was no proof, so the tough trapper went unarrested.

The dead man's dogs were mulling confusedly when Skagway's team drew up. They

fought and snarled, and Skagway had a bit of a time keeping the two teams apart. Skagway's dogs had acquired something of their owner's viciousness.

He clouted the lead dog over the nose and strode over to the still figure. He kicked it, then knelt down and loosened the heavy leather belt that encircled the man's waist.

Skagway hefted it. "Hm!" he grunted. "Plenty in this." He buckled the belt around his own middle. The dead man's pockets revealed a few more dollars and several trinkets which Skagway appropriated. The sled held a supply of man and dog food, which Skagway helped himself to. There was only one other thing he wanted. That was the great snow-white lead dog, Chilcoat, which the dead man, Johnny Meggs, had owned.

Skagway, remembering the reputed viciousness of the big dog, approached it warily. Chilcoat bristled and growled menacingly. When Skagway was five feet from it, the dog leaped straight at his throat. Only the harness kept the dog from nailing his victim. Skagway roared and leaped back just in time. He drew his revolver, then put it back.

No, he would not kill the big white brute. Let him starve here tangled in the harness. If he couldn't have him, then no one else would! So he left the scene of his crime, with Meggs' dogs inextricably entangled in their harness.

Skagway had not gone ten

miles when a storm began. It roared and screamed across the tundra, and the snow was like stinging buckshot. Ordinarily, Skagway would curse such weather, but now this was exactly what he wanted; it would obliterate every trace of his presence near Meggs' body.

He grumbled about leaving the dog Chilcoat back on the trail. He'd sure like to own that dog! Oh, well.

It was spring before Meggs' body was found. Who had committed the crime, if one it had been, nobody knew. And this time, strangely, the name Skagway was not connected with the killing of the miner.

Meanwhile, Skagway tossed his shirt in his cabin up the Skeena. The winter had been profitable. He was no mean gambler, and many a nuta poke of dust he had transferred to his own horde during the long, cold winter months. His cabin squatted on a gully on the edge of a small mining town.

Skagway had added to his pile, but he had also added many enemies to the list. Crooked at cards, nobody seemed able actually to spot him in a slick trick.

It was in the big Monte Carlo one night that Skagway heard of the strike up the Skeena some twenty miles. Three men with their heads together leaned over a table and discussed the strike in low tones. But not low enough to escape the sharp ears of Skagway. He knew exactly what he would do.



## MODERN COMICS

When the men left the place, a dark shadow followed them. It watched as each man got his dogs untangled from their traces. Then they disappeared into the night.

Skagway went to his cabin and quickly got into his furs. Hurriedly packing a sled load of food and ammunition, he soon was on the trail. He knew exactly where the men were headed. No sense getting too close to the fellows. So he lagged back a couple of miles. . . .

The scene of the new strike was one of wild confusion. Men panned gold as if they were fighting for their very lives. And there was plenty of gold to pan. Strike news reaches far. And fast. Several hundred men were already at work, some staking claims, while others threw up rude shelters for gambling and eating places.

Skagway rode in on the crest of the wave, and it didn't take him long to get his bearings. He made his headquarters at the leading gambling hall, and there he plied his crafty trade with enormous results. It was when a wild-eyed youth ran into the hall one night with a story of a fabulous strike by a certain miner that Skagway really got to work. He found out where the man had made his great find, and set out for the place.

The lucky miner was loading great chunks of solid gold into his sled! Skagway lay in waiting for two hours, while the gold-crazed fellow heaped his sled. He hardly took care to stow food on the laden vehicle; gold was more important. When at last he took off, a shadow flitted behind him. He set his course directly south, following the Skeena trail. The snow was

hard-packed. The temperature was far below zero.

The man camped well past midnight, in a place partly sheltered from the freezing blasts of wind. It was no place for Skagway to linger too long, so carefully he crept up close to the campfire. He kept downwind, so the miner's dogs would not scent him. That would be a give-away. Skagway knew all the tricks.

When the miner had crawled into his bedroll, Skagway crept close, listening, until the man's breathing grew heavy.

Slowly Skagway stirred. He picked up a big piece of firewood, hefted it. Then he brought it down on the sleeping man's head. A groan, then silence. He had added another murder to his long list.

Quickly he rifled the dead man's pockets and took their contents. Then he roused the dogs. The lead dog, gray in the darkness, gave him plenty of trouble. Skagway kicked and cursed at the brute, and received a severe gash in the calf

of the leg for his trouble.

A few miles down the trail, just as dawn was paling in the east, Skagway decided to call a halt and brew coffee and heat over a pot of beans. He tossed a few frozen fish to the team.

After his meal, he went again to the dogs. The big leader growled ominously, eyeing him savagely. Skagway flashed out with his whip, cruelly cutting the dog's nose. That was more than the animal could take. With a sharp yip, the great beast launched itself at his throat. Caught unawares, Skagway went down, with the dog tearing at him. It was over in a minute.

Some trappers found the torn remains of Skagway. His crimes had caught up with him. The gold-laden sled stood nearby, with the dogs still fastened. One trapper, an Indian, nodded his head sagely.

"Chilcoot he keel heem, Skagway. It is better so. Chilcoot no hurt anyone unless he do something to heem. Skagway keel Chilcoot's boots, Megga."

# COMPARE!

## MODERN COMICS

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# PT BOAT



PERRY

ORDERS for MTB Squadron Six:  
Japanese raider subs are believed to  
be operating in your vicinity. Take  
the native islanders into your  
confidence. They will aid you in  
locating the sub base.  
Once the base is found, your orders  
read as usual. Send the Japs to  
the bottom of the sea!

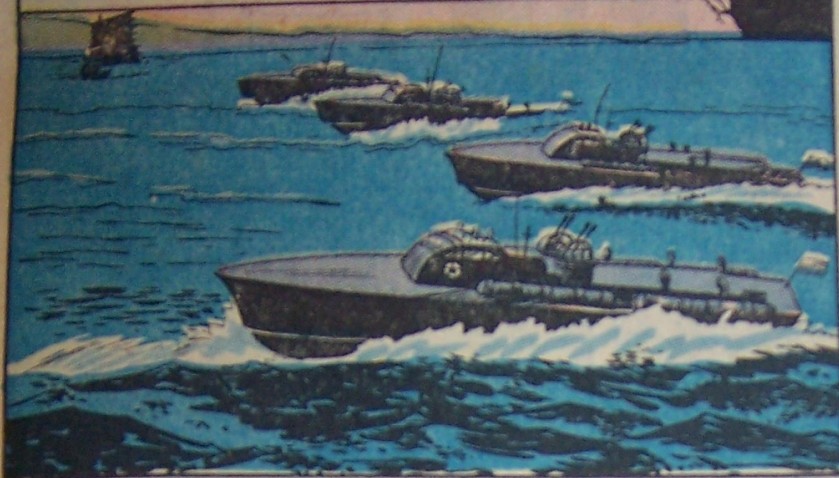


PAUL





From a raid on enemy shipping, the PT Boat Squadron returns to its home base --



WE MUST BEAR A CHARMED LIFE! WHEN THAT JAP TANKER OPENED UP WITH ITS FORWARD GUN, I THOUGHT THEY'D BLOW US SKY HIGH!

WE'RE LIVING ON BORROWED TIME!



I CAN'T AFFORD TO GET KILLED! I'VE GOT A HEAVY DATE WITH A ---



EEEEOWW! I ALMOST DIDN'T LIVE TO FINISH THAT SENTENCE!



PAUL!



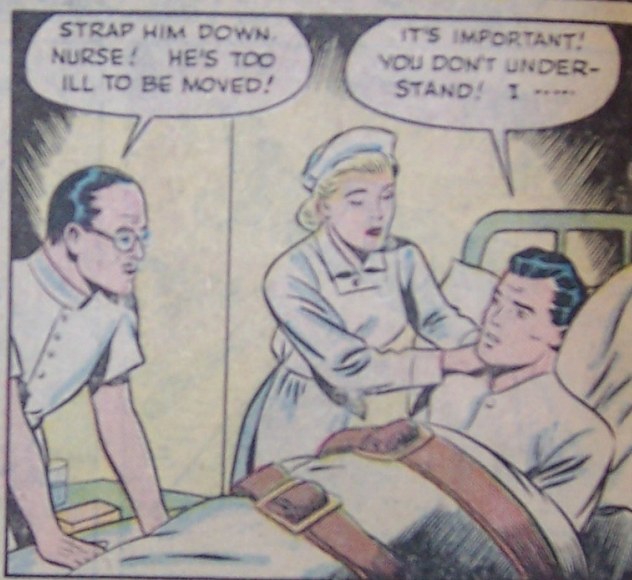
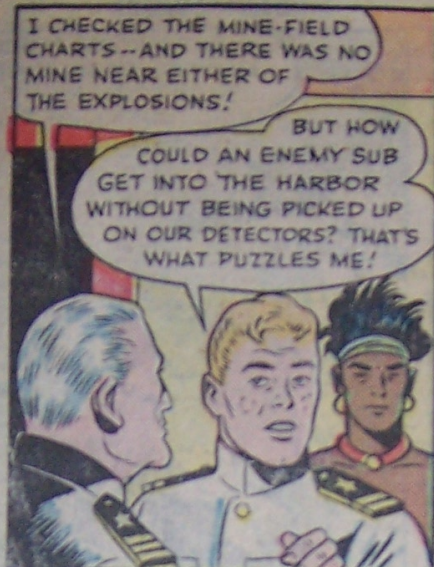






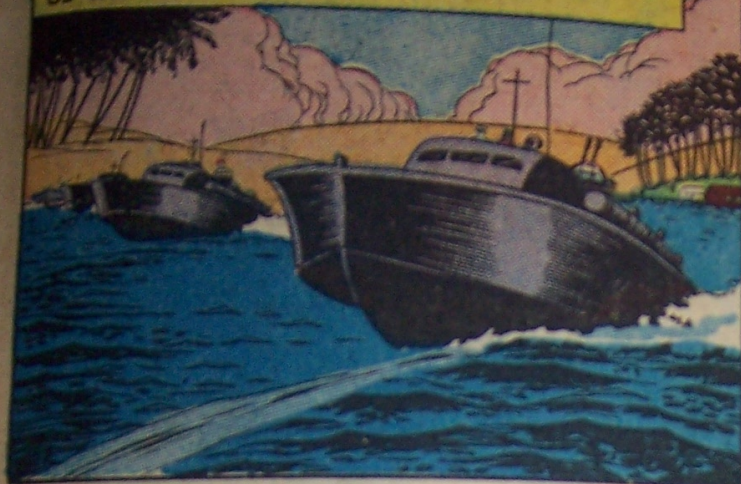






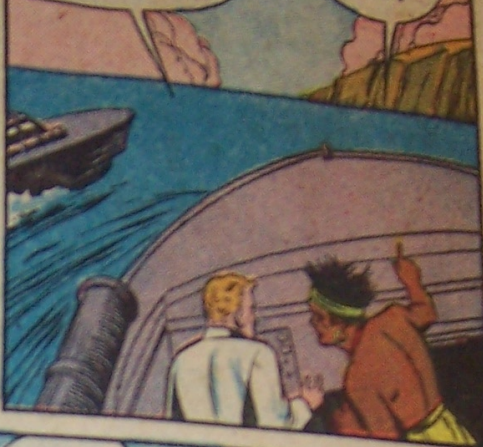


Under the command of Lieutenant Perry Tobias, a patrol of PT Boats rockets out of the naval base ...



I'M GLAD YOU CAME, KING NAROOK! WE'RE NOT TOO FAMILIAR WITH THE REJAVI ATOLL DISTRICT!

ME SHOW YOU THE WAY!



COME FROM SOUTH! JAPANESE NO SEE US UNTIL WE GO AROUND ISLAND!

YOU'RE CALLING THE SHOTS!



THERE'S THE HARBOR!



JAP SHORE GUNS! HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS WE'RE GOING TO RUN THE BARRAGE!



NO SIGN OF ENEMY SUBS! BUT THE SHORE GUNS ARE GETTING THE RANGE!



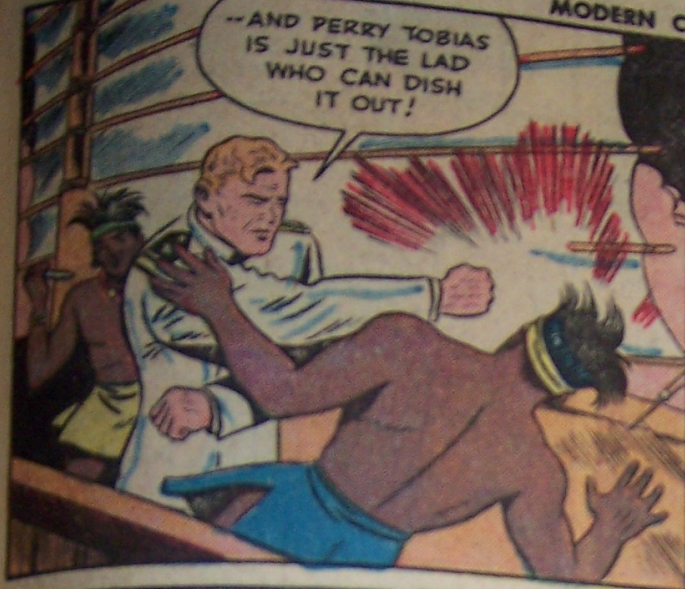
WE'D BETTER HIGHTAIL OUT OF HERE!















I SAW... THE...  
TORPEDO WAKE...  
JUST BEFORE  
WE WERE HIT!

GOOD GLORY!  
A PATROL IS  
RETURNING  
NOW! WE'LL  
NEED TO  
HURRY!



LET'S  
GO!

T-TAKE  
IT EASY,  
SIR!



DEVIL BOATS  
COME! CUT  
ROPE!



NO, YOU  
DON'T!



OUR PATROL  
RETURNED  
SAFELY!

THEY NEVER GOT  
OFF THE TORPEDO!  
THEIR DEADLY LITTLE  
SCHEME FELL  
THROUGH!



Later...

KING NAROOK CONFESSED!  
HE WAS IN THE PAY OF THE JAPS!  
THEY GAVE HIM A BONUS FOR  
EVERY PT BOAT HE  
DESTROYED!

THAT'S WHY HE  
WAS WILLING TO  
RISK HIS OWN LIFE TO  
LEAD US INTO THAT TRAP  
AT REJAVI! AND ALL  
THE TIME HE POSED  
AS OUR FRIEND!



INCIDENTALLY,  
HOW'D YOU LIKE  
THE WAY I  
HANDLED THAT  
PT BOAT?

PERRY SAID THAT  
WE'VE GOT CHARMED  
LIVES! I GUESS THAT  
MUST BE IT, SIR!...  
JUST WATCHING YOU  
AT THE WHEEL  
GAVE ME A  
RELAPSE!





# EZRA

WHOOPEE-EEE!  
HOW'S THAT FOR A  
NEAR MISS?

HEY, EZRA!  
CUT IT OUT!  
DO YOU WANT  
TO HURT  
SOMEBODY?



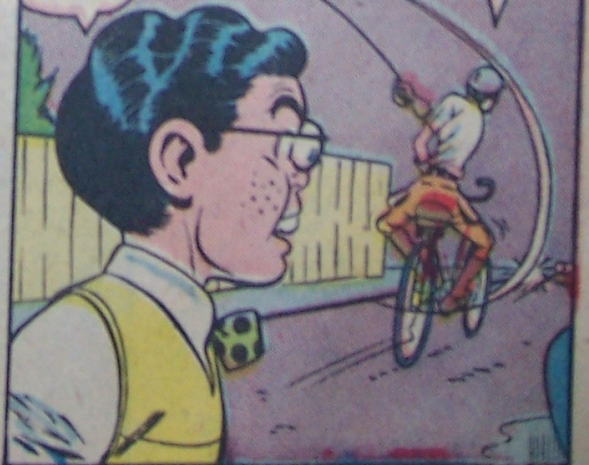
WHAT'S THE BIG  
IDEA? WHO DO  
YOU THINK  
YOU ARE?

WELL, WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?  
WE'RE ORGANIZING A POLO TEAM  
AND IN A FEW WEEKS WE'LL TAKE ON  
THE POSTVILLE  
BOYS!



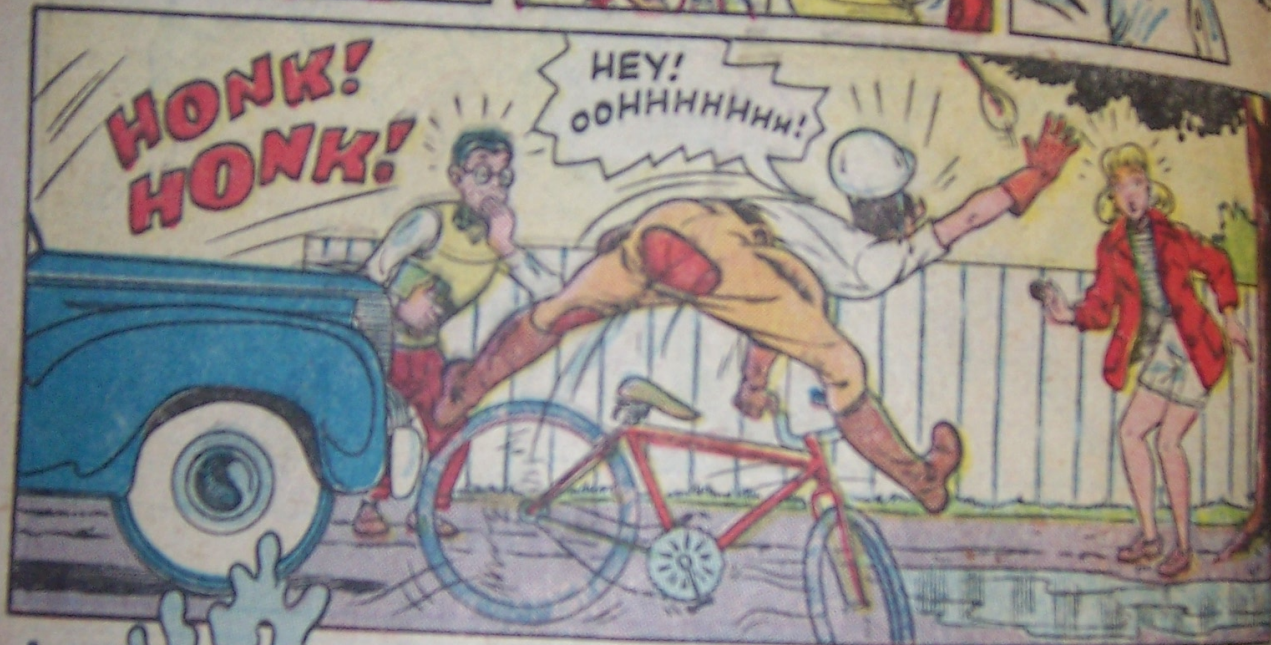
NOW I'VE SEEN  
EVERYTHING!  
POLO ON A  
BIKE!

OH, WE'RE ONLY REPORTING  
TODAY! LATER WE'LL RIDE  
HORSES!





MODERN COMICS



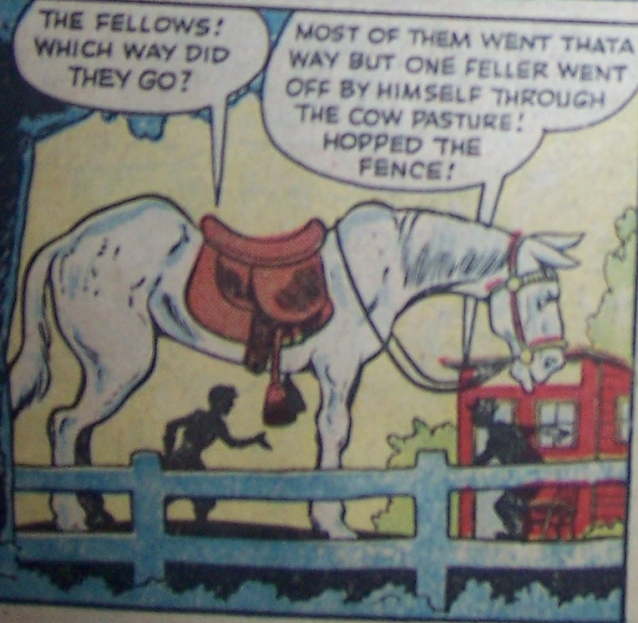




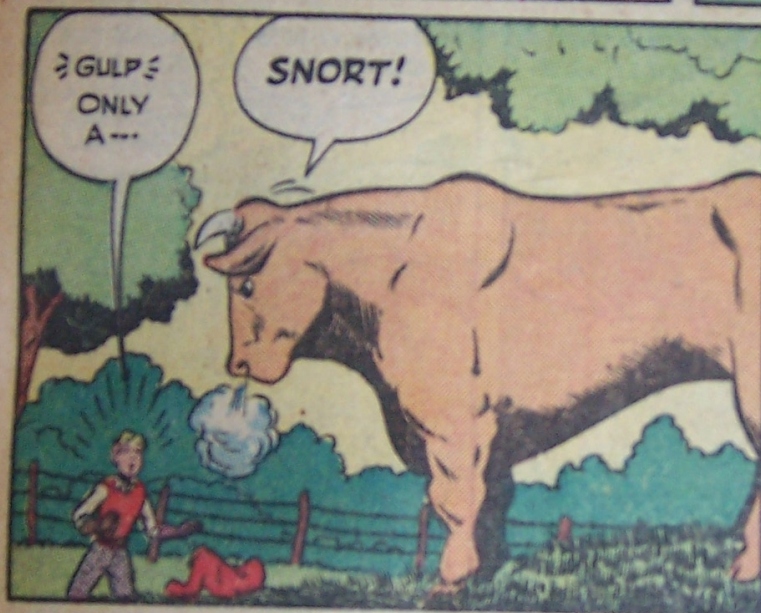
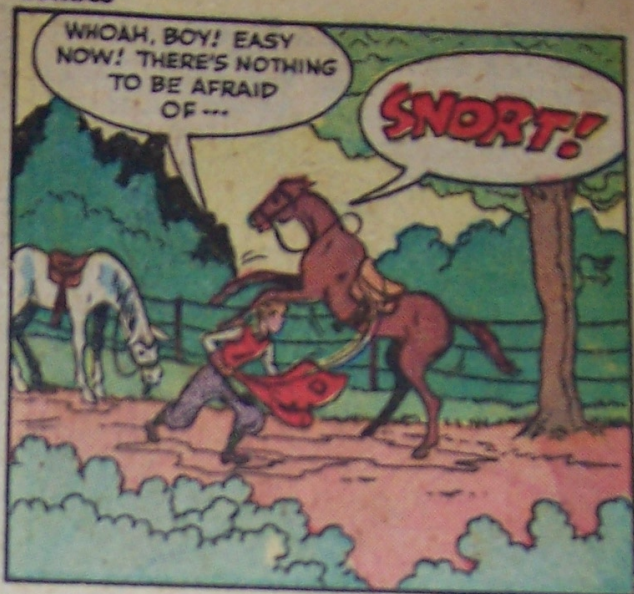
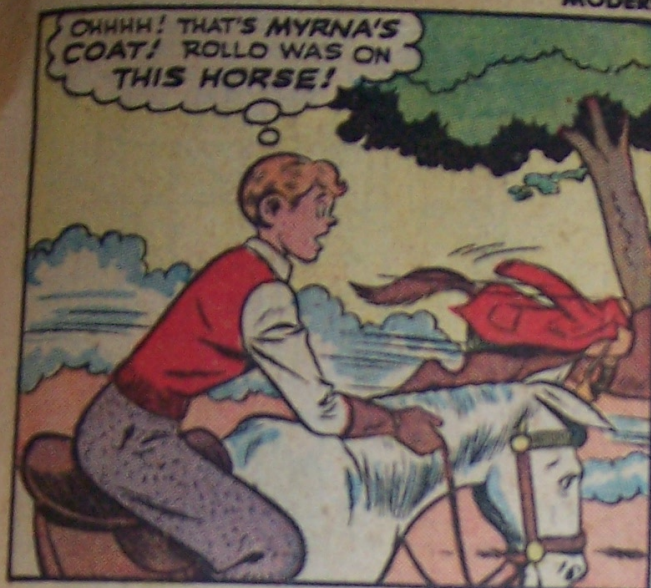




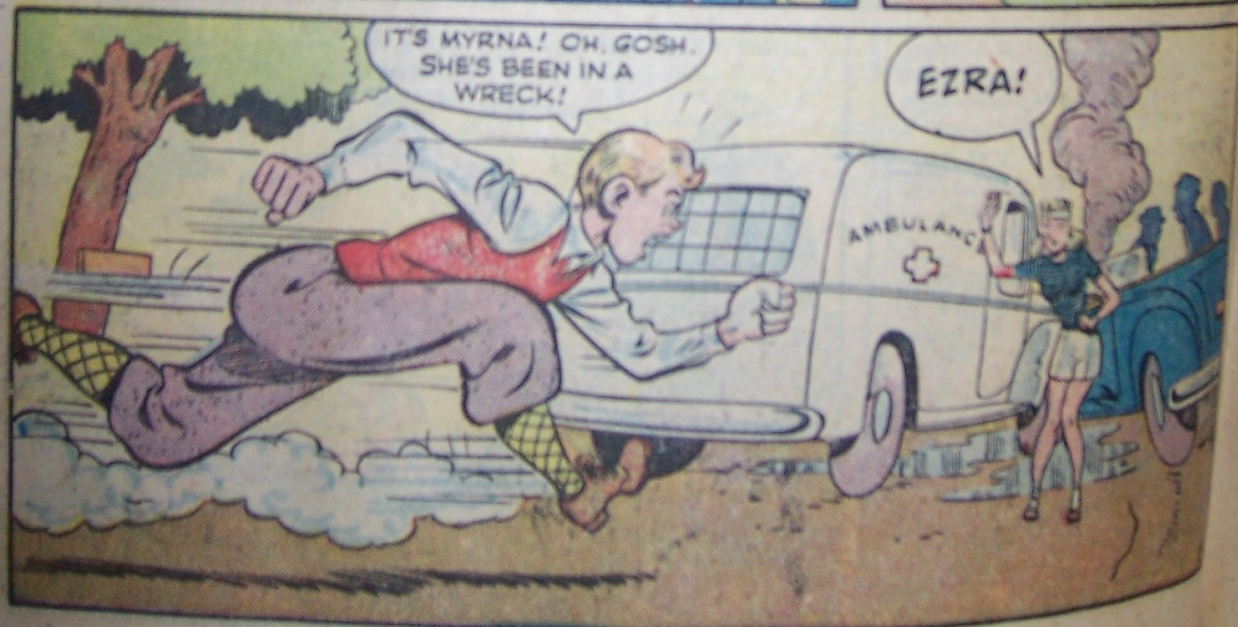
TIME takes care of all things... and EZRA doesn't need much of it to be on his way again --























TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**, BLUE NETWORK STATIONS, 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.





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**SAKYO**  
The Mailman!

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